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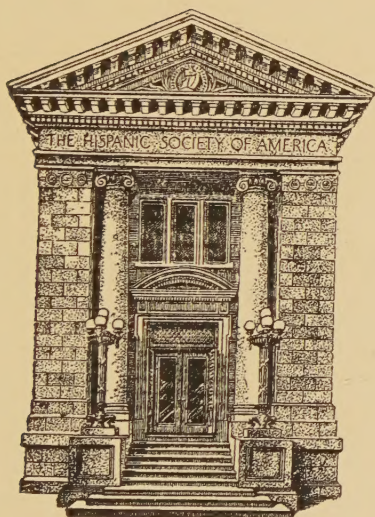
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D. FRANCISCO MANUEL

DE MELLO

BY

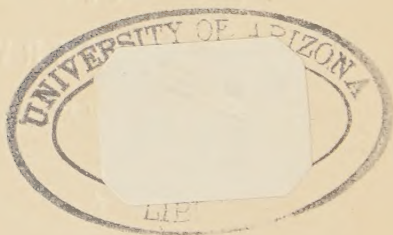
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TO
MISS TENISON
A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT
AND GRATITUDE FROM HER FRIEND
THE AUTHOR

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P R E F A C E

PORTUGAL is England's oldest ally, but though their political and commercial ties have been close through the centuries, the two countries know little of each other's literatures. If we are unacquainted with Portuguese poetry and prose, we cannot allege ignorance of the language as an excuse, seeing that many writers have found translators, Camoens often, some of the Chroniclers, Fernão Mendes Pinto, Jacinto Freire de Andrade; and to come to modern days, Almeida Garrett and Anthero de Quental. We can plead, however, that the translations are hard to obtain. The subject of my monograph had two of his works done into English; one under the title *The Government of a Wife* in the seventeenth century; the other, selections from his lyrics, described as *Relics of Melodino*, by

Edward Lawson, appeared twice in the early nineteenth century, but is so rare that I could never find a copy on sale. Hence he is unknown to all save professed students of the two chief Peninsular literatures, though he ranks in them as a classic.

The lack of a history of Portuguese literature is probably the principal reason why few educated Englishmen could even name any Portuguese writer save Camoens. The forthcoming work of Mr. Aubrey Bell, translator of Gil Vicente, a competent scholar with a fascinating pen, may be expected to show the Anglo-Saxon world that Portugal possesses a literature, which, like her history and scenery, is rich and varied out of all proportion to her size.

D. FRANCISCO MANUEL DE
MELLO

IN the epic history of Portugal the seventeenth century is of especial interest to the student of religion, politics, and literature; it saw the long, bitter, and final struggle between the Inquisition and the New Christians (or converted Jews) and the recovery of the national independence, which was followed by a war of twenty-eight years with Spain to secure it; moreover it produced two prose writers of the highest rank, Father Antonio Vieira of the Society of Jesus and D. Francisco Manuel.

The latter was born in Lisbon on November 23rd, 1608 (1) when his country was still under the Spanish rule imposed on her in 1580; he had a distinguished military career at home and abroad, and when the Revolution of 1640 raised the Braganza dynasty to the throne,

he helped to organize the national defenses; subsequently falling into disgrace, he suffered a long imprisonment in Lisbon and exile in Brazil; next, by a sudden turn of fortune, he found himself pardoned and entrusted with diplomatic missions of importance, and he died only two years before the peace of 1668, whereby, thanks to the victorious armies collected by that brilliant statesman Count de Castelmelhor and stiffened by old Cromwellian soldiers, King Philip IV was forced to recognize the separation of Portugal.

D. Francisco belonged to the noble Spanish family of Manuel which sprang from D. Fernando, the sainted King of Castile, hence he always used this surname (2) in preference to that of Mello by which he is better known abroad; he was also related to King John IV of Portugal through a common ancestor, the third Duke of Braganza, executed at Evora in 1483 by order of King John II. The last direct representative of a long line of

nobles once famous in arms, politics, and diplomacy, he was the most gifted of his race, and while their actions and even their names have almost passed into oblivion, he lives in his writings which, by a rare distinction, are prized as classics in both the Spanish and Portuguese tongues and continually reprinted.

His soldier father, D. Luis de Mello, died in 1615 when on a visit to the family estate at Ribeira Grande in the island of St. Michael, Azores, leaving two young children D. Francisco and D. Isabel to be brought up by their mother, a Spanish lady of means, D. Maria de Toledo de Maçuellos, daughter of the Alcaide mór of Alcalá de Henares and granddaughter of the chronicler Duarte Nunes de Leão. They were then living at a house in the Calçada do Combro in Lisbon, situate in the parish of St. Catharine, the registers of which contain entries of the marriage of D. Francisco's parents, his own baptism and that of his sister.

In those days nobles were attached to

the Court in childhood, and in his tenth year D. Francisco entered the palace, where he learnt horsemanship, fencing, and dancing, which with religious instruction formed the basis of a gentleman's education, while he obtained book knowledge at the Jesuit College of Santo Antão. This celebrated public school, now the Hospital of S. José, had as early as 1551 more than 400 students, and counted among its masters men of eminence like Father Manuel Alvares whose Latin grammar went through 400 editions and translations, one of these in Chinese being published as late as 1869. The method of teaching was oral and the masters received no fees. The curriculum was modelled on the *Ratio Studiorum* of 1599 and consisted of the ancient classics, followed by three years of philosophy, under which head came logic, physics, cosmology, astronomy, metaphysics, psychology, and ethics. In his writings D. Francisco evinces acquaintance with a wide range of Greek and Latin authors

and a good general knowledge of philosophy, but his predilection when at school was for mathematics, to which particular attention was paid at Santo Antão; he was probably taught by an Englishman, Father Ignatius Stafford (3), whose works deal not only with pure mathematics but with the art of fortification and gunnery, the study of which was essential to the boys destined for a military career. At the age of seventeen D. Francisco composed a mathematical treatise now lost.

Among the recreations the college afforded were tragi-comedies in Latin verse, and the most noteworthy of these during his stay was given to celebrate the visit of King Philip III to Lisbon and took two days to act, the 21st and 22nd August, 1619; the subject was the conquest of the East by the Portuguese. It was divided into five acts and 300 students appeared in it, as well as figures of birds, beasts, and monsters; the scenery was very elaborate, the dresses and jewellery, lent by great families, of oriental magnificence.

The Jesuits organized these representations for educational purposes and by means of them taught their pupils and the public either history, as in this case, or religion, as in the case of the tragi-comedies founded on episodes in the Bible and lives of the Saints, which latter did more good than a sermon, remarks a contemporary. It is the custom to decry these dramas, but unreal and even futile as they seem to us now, it must be confessed that they promoted culture and a taste for the theatre, and they found admirers and defenders in such distinguished critics as Joost van den Vondel and Goethe.

Writing to his brother poet Quevedo in 1636 D. Francisco said: 'From my early years, owing to my father's death, I had none to help me to employment worthy a man of honour. The liberty I enjoyed more than anything else drove me sooner to a military life, if such restlessness can be called life. I have been a soldier from the age of seventeen until now!' In fact D. Francisco enlisted in 1625 in a company

of Adventurers, raised to assist in defending Lisbon against a threatened attack by the English, but this was directed to Cadiz and failed in its objective, the capture of the silver fleet from America.

It was formerly the custom for young nobles to go through their military training in the fortresses in Morocco, and no *fidalgo* would wear a sword at Court until he had fought in Africa and been knighted by some famous captain; but when the Portuguese strongholds were reduced to three, Ceuta, Tangier, and Mazagan, service on shipboard was substituted for that on shore, and instead of three years in Africa, aspirants to knighthood and a *commenda* of one of the Military Orders served for five on the fleet dispatched each summer to guard the coast against pirates.

Accordingly D. Francisco, in 1626, after joining one of the six Spanish galleys stationed in the Tagus, embarked with his servants in the armada commanded by D. Manoel de Menezes, whose duty it was to convoy into harbour the merchant fleet

from the Indies due to arrive at the end of September. On the 24th September the ill-fated squadron of six vessels set sail and until the middle of October searched in vain for the treasure fleet; advised by a scout that it had reached Corunna and ordered to put in there and convoy it to Lisbon, D. Manoel attempted to carry out these instructions, but a storm separated his ships and compelled them to run for safety into various Galician ports. It was not until the end of the year that he could put to sea again, and no sooner was he off the coast than a succession of tempests drove him into the Bay of Biscay and all his vessels foundered or were wrecked on the shores of France. D. Francisco was on the flagship which went down near St. Jean de Luz and wrote a thrilling account of the voyage in his *Epanaphoras de varia historia* (4). He tells us that on the 14th January they sighted land but did not recognize it, because during the nineteen days the tempest had lasted they had only once been able to use the astrolabe.

The vessel had lost its masts and rudder and rolled so violently that the sailors could not cross the deck, while the pumps hardly kept down the water that entered through the leaks. The long winter night that followed was spent by the devout in making confessions, vows, and wills, by the more practical in constructing rafts. All put on their best clothes that when the death they expected came, their smart apparel might secure them honourable burial. D. Manoel, like an old sea-dog, remained cool and, calling D. Francisco, drew from his pocket a poem Lope de Vega had recently given him, read and commented it as if they were in some peaceful Academy, an action intended to give courage to the young man. Our author never forgot the incident any more than the literary lessons he derived from his chief, who was Royal Chronicler and wrote on this very voyage a description of the recovery of Bahia from the Dutch in 1625, when he commanded the Portuguese section of the allied fleet.

At daybreak, during a brief calm, pinnaces from St. Jean de Luz took off the commander and some few of his men, but the flagship broke up before the work could be completed and D. Francisco, who superintended the interment of the bodies washed ashore, avers that they filled ninety-four carts.

The disaster was reckoned by him the worst since the battle of Alcacer in 1578 and the death of King Sebastian, for Portugal lost her finest ships, most experienced captains, the flower of her nobility, and her best pilots and seamen.

In the armada of 1629 commanded by Tristan de Mendonça Furtado, ambassador in Holland after the Restoration, D. Francisco gained his first experience of fighting; on March 28th his ship *S. Salvador de Napoles* had a seven hours' engagement with a Turkish corsair, during which he bore himself so well that he was knighted by his chief.

Deeds of arms were the main road to

posts and honours, but literary success which earned a name at Court was no small help, and mindful of the advice and lessons of D. Manoel de Menezes, D. Francisco applied himself to study the rules of poetical composition and notwithstanding his youth was soon classed among the 'entendidos'; at the age of twenty he published his first book, twelve sonnets on the death of D. Ignez de Castro. These and some dedicatory sonnets printed in the works of others, and little more, is all that certainly remains of his early efforts, and though commonplace enough, it is significant that he should have begun by choosing so national a subject as that of the lady who was crowned queen after her death, one that has the twin Portuguese characteristics of love and melancholy.

These verses and some comedies and novels now lost were written in Spanish, the language of the Court and good society, understood more or less over Western Europe. For this reason even King

John IV, the Restorer of Portugal, composed his musical treatise in that tongue.

In 1631 D. Francisco was promoted to the rank of captain by the Duke of Maqueda, one of the governors of Portugal, and ordered to raise an infantry company in Lisbon, after which he was allowed to remain there on leave because of ill health and certain lawsuits. In 1633 we find him in Madrid engaged in writing a comedy and seeking preferment; often he says he would drop from poetry into petitions to a minister, but with small success. However, his hopes rose when by decree of December 20th, 1634, as a reward for his services in the armadas of 1626 and 1629 and for those of his father, the King ordered him to be admitted into the Order of Christ and promised him a *commenda* if he served in two more fleets for not less than four months each time. In the following year his opportunity came; on the 1st August a Portuguese squadron was dispatched to Corunna, and after it had sailed D. Francisco was

invited to enlist on account of his special knowledge. With his wonted promptitude he made the journey by land from Lisbon 'to the great cost of his substance', an example followed by other *fidalgos*, and arriving before the fleet, served on board while it remained in port. In the winter he was appointed by the Marquis de Mancera, captain-general of the kingdom of Galicia, to command some companies of Spanish infantry which were sent by sea to Cadiz. Bad weather, however, compelled him to put into Lisbon on the way, and the Princess Margaret, Vice-Reine of Portugal, having decided that the troops should proceed to Flanders, D. Francisco was granted leave.

The death of his mother and sister early in 1636 severed his ties with home and he went again to Court. This stay of his in Madrid deserves to be treated at some length, because it influenced his literary career in two ways; he entered for the first time fully into the life of the Court and made the acquaintance of

Quevedo. The relations between these two men, alike in name, talents, and misfortune, soon became intimate, as may be seen from D. Francisco's letter of October 4th, 1636, to his brother poet (5) and by the sixth epistle of the *Fistula de Urania* in his *Obras Metricas* (6); moreover the publisher Paul Craesbeeck in a dedicatory letter in Quevedo's *Vida de Marco Bruto* (Lisbon, 1647) testifies that they corresponded regularly: he adds that Quevedo used to submit his compositions to D. Francisco before printing them. a fact very flattering to the latter seeing that he had so far produced no work of importance while Quevedo enjoyed a European reputation and was twenty-eight years the other's senior.

Their ideas being similar and their communications frequent, it is not surprising that some works of D. Francisco should recall others of Quevedo, even in their titles, and that a charge of plagiarism should have been preferred against the former. By anticipation he answered this

in the preface to his *Mayor Pequeño* issued in 1647 (7), and years later Frei André de Christo, his colleague in the *Academia dos Generosos*, refuted it in an epistle in the *Obras Metricas*, giving interesting details as to the poems that were addressed by one poet to the other.

At the time of this visit of D. Francisco, and indeed all through the earlier half of the seventeenth century, Madrid was the literary and artistic capital of Europe and owed this position in no small measure to Philip IV. The King, whose weak but amiable disposition appears in his portraits, was highly intelligent and an *aficionado* in the fine arts ; he spent hours daily in the studio of Velazquez and adored music. Men of genius thronged the palace ; there came Lope de Vega, greatest of dramatists after Shakespeare, Velez de Guevara, and Góngora ; Quevedo was the King's secretary ; Tiso de Molina, Ruiz de Alarcon, and Rojas Zorrilla filled the theatres with the product of their brilliant fancy and Calderon was growing in fame and royal favour.

Such was the atmosphere in which D. Francisco learnt to develop his literary and musical talents. Introduced probably by his master Quevedo, he must soon have become acquainted with the authors named, and especially with Calderon whom he was to meet subsequently in the Catalonian War. His ardent Catholicism could only be to his advantage in that centre of devotion, purely external as much of this last might be.

Though the seat of government, Madrid was a city of pleasure, and a young *fidalgo* who repaired there to seek advancement, when not waiting on a minister, spent his days at the playhouses, in love adventures, or in writing witty or satirical verses which passed from hand to hand. The numberless idlers lolled or promenaded in a place fitly called the *mentidero* at the entrance of the Calle Mayor, discussing the news of the day and the midnight escapades of the King and his favourite the Count Duke of Olivares, while the beautiful French queen was not spared by these scandal-

loving gallants. There was to be seen the caustic Quevedo, dressed in black, wearing the large tortoise-shell spectacles used to impart an aspect of gravity ; there also walked Lope, Moreto, and Calderon : in the same spot the rival comedians of the two principal theatres that were filled twice daily, provoked one another, boasting of the compliments received from the King at the last performance, or conversed with the poets who supplied them with verses by the thousand. If a passion for comedies had taken hold of nearly every one, romances were in equal favour. An anecdote related by D. Francisco in his *Carta de Guia de Casados* shows this : 'I was travelling in Spain and entering an inn covered with snow could not persuade the hostess and her two daughters to open a room for me, and the more I insisted, the more they assured me that none of them would stir until they had heard the end of a certain novel, the plot of which was very pleasant and involved. And such was the eagerness with which

they listened to the reading, that not even my threat that I would go elsewhere made them desist, but instead they invited me to listen to the lovely things Cardenio was saying to Estephania. Finally I descended elsewhere and when shortly after I returned that way and inquired for the curious reader and audience, I was told that but a few days later the romance developed so far that each of the daughters composed her own, fleeing with a young man and showing herself a good apprentice of the doctrine she had studied.'

Contemporary authors enlarge on the immorality and extravagance in the capital; a French traveller assures us that every man had his mistress and that these sinners enjoyed full freedom, for great ladies and women of virtue rarely went out of doors. The government decreed severe penalties against vice and displays of luxury in clothes, carriages, and servants, but these availed little when the Count Duke persisted in keeping 122 dependants in his palace. No wonder corruption was

rife among the host of public employés ; their small and tardily-paid salaries did not suffice for the expenses they incurred in endeavouring to imitate their social superiors. Life in Madrid, for the well-to-do at least, was a round of pleasure, since Olivares organized one diversion after another for his master : bull-fights, balls, concerts, comedies, religious processions, and *autos-da-fê*. The *festas* of 1637 to celebrate the election of Philip's brother-in-law as Emperor lasted forty-two days and cost a fabulous sum.

Literary contests in the presence of the sovereign were as much appreciated as comedies and gave needy versifiers a chance of finding a patron ; an announcement of one of these academies states that the poets who find themselves inspired will be expected to treat such topics as these : why Judas is painted with a red beard and why the palace maidservants are called *mondongas* though they do not sell *mondongo* (8) ; it is added that Guevara and Calderon are to compete. D. Francisco

mentions one of these academies held at the house of the Prince of Esquilache where he had to read the poem submitted, the author of which was Count Fulvio d'Este, ambassador of the Duke of Modena, reputed the best Italian poet of the day.

Cultivated and gay as Madrid was, it could not be called a peaceful city ; every one carried arms, quarrels provoked by questions of love and honour were fought out in the streets, and duels happened on a slight excuse. Quevedo had to flee for his life to Sicily after mortally wounding a nobleman, and the respectable Calderon involved himself in at least two affairs of the kind.

D. Francisco had certainly many such, for he was high-spirited and ready with his sword ; in 1642 he obtained a pardon for having drawn his sword ten years earlier against a Castilian at St. Catharine's Gate in Lisbon, at the top of the present Rua Garrett. The common people followed the example set by their

betters, and in February 1638 the authorities were obliged to publish a decree ordering all Portuguese guilty of manslaughter to leave the city within eight days under pain of imprisonment, the object being to oblige these men to enlist as soldiers and thus to fill the ranks.

After a stay of some months in the capital, D. Francisco embarked on October 7th, with eight servants, in a Portuguese squadron which had been ordered to Cadiz, and served on the flagship until the end of December. At that time the Count of Linhares, ex-governor of India, had put into Malaga and asked for men, cables, and anchors, which D. Francisco was ordered to take him on the ground that the matter was important and needed a person of quality, experience, and worth to carry it through, all the more because a French man-of-war lay in the Straits of Gibraltar on the look out for the Spaniards. Though D. Francisco had only a small boat, he got round safely and was praised by his superiors for his good work.

In January 1637 he obtained leave to return to Madrid and try and obtain a further reward or advancement for his past services and especially for the part he took in the fight with the Turks in 1629: he was never loth to ask favours. indeed he had already alleged this action and received the habit of the Order of Christ, but this did not satisfy him. Though he had inherited from his mother and enjoyed the family estate, he was not rich, and he had spent much money while serving in the fleets and even contracted debts; as Sir Richard Fanshawe, first English translator of *The Lusiads*, quaintly says: 'beasts cannot browse on bayes.'

In this year the *Cartas Familiares* begin to supply biographical information: on February 20th D. Francisco dispatched to the Archbishop of Treves a *Treatise on Patience*, and in the letter that accompanied it we find him writing as a moralist and discover the vein of sadness, not to say melancholy, which runs through so much of his work. In a letter of May 9th he

talks of exiles and persecutions with clear reference to himself—coming events cast their shadows before—and if the dates of certain letters are correct, he seems to have suffered imprisonment in the autumn, the cause of which is unknown (9).

The selfsame year is a memorable one in Portuguese history owing to a revolutionary movement, the herald of that which in 1640 delivered the country from Spanish domination. Like most outbreaks of the kind, its immediate cause was discontent caused by taxation, but dislike of alien rule lay at the root of it. The first blow was struck at Evora at the end of 1637; the populace rose, burnt the books in the local tax office, and released the prisoners in jail. The nobles through timidity or prudence stood aloof, but the lower clergy and especially the religious Orders, always hostile to Spanish rule, gave their adhesion, while the adepts of the sect of Sebastianistas, who believed that King Sebastian had not perished at Alcacer but would reappear as a Messias,

declared that according to the prophecies the deliverance of Portugal was nigh. When the news reached Madrid its importance was underrated, and this gave the revolutionaries time to establish a committee which governed in the name of a mad fellow called Manoelinho and to win over the whole province of the Alemtejo. In Villa Viçosa, where the Duke of Braganza had his palace, men were heard to acclaim him king, but, D. John, considering the movement inopportune, sent his heir D. Theodosio, a boy of three, through the streets to calm the inhabitants.

Princess Margaret, Regent of Portugal, had from the first endeavoured to quell the outbreak by mildness, and when this failed measures of coercion began to be discussed both in Lisbon and Madrid. Unfortunately the forces of the Crown were small and this the rebels knew and relied on ; the nearest troops were a regiment of marines 800 strong in Lisbon ; but their officers were absent as it was winter, and

the colonel actually lived in Madrid: Portugal had no cavalry and her infantry regiments, save some small garrison units, were on foreign service.

When the revolt spread north of the Tagus, the Princess informed the Court that she was unable to suppress it and D. Francisco, who tells the whole story in his *Epanaphoras*, says that the news caused a shock and scandal in Madrid. Convinced at last of the seriousness of the situation, Olivares began to collect forces to punish the rebels and in the meantime tried the effect of fair promises, but as the citizens of Evora would only negotiate on equal terms, which the Count Duke could not allow, these availed nothing. He was worried about the Duke of Braganza in view of the claims of that House to the throne and the love of the Portuguese for the descendant of their former kings; moreover, D. John was too powerful for a vassal, since he owned nearly a fourth of the realm with twenty-two towns and could raise an army from his own retainers. All

the Duke's professions of loyalty could not remove the suspicion that he favoured the rebellion and would use it for his own purposes.

D. John, like a sovereign, kept a Resident at Court, and as this man Francisco de Sousa Coutinho was then absent, he requested D. Francisco Manuel to represent him and justify his acts to the government. Olivares received the envoy and the representations he made with apparent favour, but at the same time ordered a concentration of troops on the frontier, and, summoning the Portuguese nobles and ministers in Madrid, invited them to use their influence to suppress the insurrection. He designed thus to prevent their giving it their adhesion and to divide them from the people: he also intended to use it as a pretext for suppressing the liberties of Portugal. He realized that much of the weakness of Spain arose from the divergent interests of the various provinces, which thought more of their immunities than of the common weal, but

he had not the talents of Cardinal Richelieu and his task was a more difficult one.

The Portuguese at Court were divided into two parties ; one, to prove its loyalty or in hope of reward, declared that the rebels should be severely dealt with ; the other voted for moderation. The Secretary Diogo Soares, a minister detested by patriots, led the first, the Count of Linhares the second, and these two men were sworn foes. Olivares decided to make a last effort at conciliation and to employ Linhares whom he trusted for that end ; in this Soares concurred, being glad that his rival should leave the Court on a mission which if unsuccessful, as was likely, would destroy his influence with the Count Duke.

D. Francisco was appointed to accompany Linhares and here again Olivares showed his astuteness ; the agent of the Duke of Braganza would go as representative of the Spanish Government. The mission started and after calling at Villa

Viçosa to interview D. John, reached Evora where it was at first well received. However, Olivares, who was versed in Roman history, had stipulated that each of the revolted towns should send to Court two magistrates in sackcloth to beg the King's pardon in public audience. After some hesitation, the procurators of Evora refused this condition, which so enraged Linhares that he abandoned the business and sent D. Francisco back to Madrid to report on the state of affairs and on the attitude of the Portuguese nobility. Careful not to commit himself, or to prejudice his relatives and friends, D. Francisco did his best to satisfy the Count Duke, but realized that he had not succeeded and he attributed his subsequent disgrace to this mission.

The revolt was suppressed by arms, and its authors and others were punished; moreover, Olivares summoned the leading men of Portugal to Madrid, and to bleed the country he ordered the raising of various regiments for Flanders, one of

which fell to the lot of D. Francisco. The Portuguese warships were entrusted to a Spanish commander, and when Admiral Oquendo's fleet then operating against France was free, he intended that it should proceed to the Tagus and strike a final blow at Portuguese independence ; however, its destruction by the Dutch at the battle of the Downs in 1639 frustrated this plan, and the rebellion in Catalonia, by diverting the Spanish forces, enabled the revolutionary movement inaugurated in Lisbon on December 1st, 1640 to succeed.

On returning to Madrid D. Francisco busied himself in preparing for the press his first important work, *Politica Militar*, a treatise on warfare by sea and land which he dedicated to Olivares and Linhares jointly and published in 1638 ; towards the end of the year his letters seem to indicate that he was again in prison in Lisbon (10). If so, he was soon released that he might raise the regiment referred to before ; he found his task easy on account of his

popularity, officers and men giving in their names gladly. The Spanish contingent for the same destination was difficult to recruit, notwithstanding the use of the press-gang ; D. Francisco asserts that the inhabitants of whole villages fled to escape military service and that the men when caught were treated worse than Christians in Algiers.

The expeditionary force had been asked for by the Cardinal Infant D. Fernando, Governor of Flanders, to enable him to repel the French and Dutch, and to the number of 10,000 men was concentrated at Corunna. There a French fleet under de Sourdis, Archbishop of Bordeaux, attempted to destroy it in June 1639, but found the port defended by a boom of 170 masts lashed together which it could not force, and sailed away after exchanging shots with the forts, the chief of which was garrisoned by D. Francisco's regiment. In August the transports arrived accompanied by a powerful armada led by the celebrated Admiral Oquendo, who had orders to seek

out and fight the fleets of France and Holland even if they were in an English harbour. The chief purpose, however, of the expedition was to carry reinforcements to Flanders, since the capture of Breisach by the French in December 1638 had cut the land communications between Spain and the north ; the troops had to be sent by sea, and to ensure their safe arrival the government asked and obtained from Charles I a free passage through the Channel, which he had no power to grant.

D. Francisco himself directed the embarkation at Corunna and has left a most vivid description of the voyage and battles that concluded it in the *Epanaphoras* (11). The disaster he attributes to the overconfidence of the commander, who when part of the Dutch fleet hove in sight and he was asked for orders, replied : ' They are of small account ; let each man do his best ; I have a fine horse ; the flagship will give good examples.' With this, Oquendo, who wished the credit of the victory for himself, crowded on sail and, followed only

by the van, attacked. After a six hours' running fight, the Dutch, who were inferior in numbers and had lost heavily, drew off, but Tromp, who had been blockading Dunkirk, soon brought them reinforcements and another fierce battle followed at night which ended in the opposing fleets parting to obtain ammunition. The Spaniards anchored in the Downs, whither Tromp followed them with one hundred men-of-war and seventeen fireships, keeping on the sea side to prevent them from escaping or landing the troops in Flanders. However, one misty night, the 27th December, most of these were ferried over safely and among them the regiment led by D. Francisco, one of his few pieces of good luck. At this time both Oquendo and Tromp were contending for the favour of the English King, who played a double game and offered to side with the one that paid him best; the Dutch had strong supporters in the French ambassador and Archbishop Laud, and though Cardenas, the Spanish representative, secured a pro-

mise that his fleet would not be attacked in the Downs, and bought a supply of ammunition, this was never delivered, and Charles declared at the last moment that his admiral Pennington could not protect Oquendo. These negotiations occupied a month and were still in progress when on the 21st October Tromp attacked without warning and won a decisive victory, the Spaniards losing forty-three vessels and 6,000 men; Oquendo saved the royal standard and a few ships, but the naval power of Spain was broken.

D. Francisco rested for the next two months in quarters at Bergues and Hond-schoote; hard work, exposure, and the asperities of a northern climate had told on his health, so that he could not undertake a mission to Germany on which the Cardinal Infant desired to send him. However, he was not a man to remain idle, and in addition to writing an account of the battle of the Downs we find him corresponding on literary subjects with professors of Louvain University, among

them Henry van der Putte, successor of Justus Lipsius, and with the Bishop of Ypres.

Returning to Madrid early in 1640 a liberal reward for his services was decreed by the Council of State, but the department staffed by his own countrymen that dealt with Portuguese affairs made such opposition that he obtained nothing, a typical case. He served for some months on a junta established at Vittoria to direct the war against France and there composed another description of the battle, the first account having been sent to Madrid for King Philip's information. 'I write as many hours as I live,' he says, and the list of his unpublished works, which is far longer than the no short one of those actually printed, proves his extraordinary activity and wide interests.

On May 1st a general insurrection broke out in Catalonia and the royal troops were driven into Roussillon; its main causes were an increase of taxation,

the billeting on the inhabitants of the troops raised to defend the principality against the French, and the threat to send a Catalan force to Italy contrary to law. The revolt culminated in the murder of the viceroy in Barcelona on the festival of Corpus Christi, and when the city fathers, alarmed at the growing anarchy, sought to smooth matters over, Olivares would not let their envoys see the King unless they resolved publicly to sue for pardon. Following the example of the magistrates of Evora, they refused, thereupon the government resolved to subdue Catalonia by force: an army was collected at Saragossa commanded by the Marquis de los Veles and in view of his lack of military experience, D. Francisco, though a Portuguese, was appointed to assist him. Hardly, however, had the invasion begun when bad news came from two quarters; the citizens of Barcelona had invoked and obtained armed aid from France, and Portugal had declared her independence. In view of this event D. Francisco was

by royal order removed from his post and sent prisoner to Madrid as suspect. The conduct of operations suffered by his departure and finally the royal troops underwent a decisive defeat in their attack on the fortress of Montjuich on January 26th, 1641. The campaign up to this point is described by D. Francisco in the *Historia de los movimientos y separacion de Cataluña* (12), an admirable piece of narrative writing and a monument of Spanish prose, though its historical value has of late been impeached (13).

The causes of his arrest are not far to seek: a Portuguese occupying so prominent a position in the army might tamper with the regiments composed of his countrymen, moreover Olivares remembered that on his return from Evora D. Francisco had assured him of the loyalty of the Duke of Braganza and other great nobles, and that the Portuguese were not in a state to make a successful rebellion. It is true that the same information probably reached the Count Duke from other

sources ; at any rate on the very eve of the revolution he withdrew from the scanty garrisons in Portugal 1,300 veterans for Catalonia and left only 500 musketeers in Lisbon castle to uphold King Philip's authority in that populous city.

During a close imprisonment of some four months, D. Francisco presented as many petitions, asking for preferment and rewards on the ground that he was a loyal vassal who had been calumniously accused and by the revolution in Portugal had lost his property there. When offered a post in Flanders, he applied for the colonelcy of a regiment there, additional pay until he obtained the grants the King had made him, leave to import free of duty 50,000 ducats worth of merchandise to cover the cost of his journey to the north and his debts, and finally that he might receive the arrears that were owing him. These demands were refused and no wonder : native-born claimants had first to be considered, moreover a relative of the Duke of Braganza did not deserve

much consideration. Still, a soldier of his experience would be useful and could be safely employed abroad, and it is said that he was given the important post of governor of Ostend ; at any rate he afterwards confessed that he had been generously treated by the government.

In later years, when he had fallen into disgrace in Portugal and addressed the eloquent *Epistola declamatoria* (14) to Prince Theodosio, son of John IV, he declared that no sooner was he out of prison than he offered his services to his native land and hastened there, but it is a little hard to reconcile with straight dealing his attitude at that crisis, though the memoirs of his life in Madrid, a work now lost, would doubtless explain matters ; the documents we possess show that he was busy soliciting posts and favours and anxious to clear his name of the suspicion of disloyalty to King Philip. Perhaps, as has been suggested (15), he acted so to secure his release the sooner and even to avoid a death sentence ; also he may well have

doubted if Portugal could maintain her independence and have wished to secure himself. It is true that instead of crossing the frontier into Portugal he made his way north with the apparent intention of serving the Spanish Crown in Flanders, but as he proceeded to England and there declared openly for King John IV, it may be that like other compatriots of his he thought the longest way round was the shortest and safest way home.

Reaching London in July he went to live at the Portuguese embassy and took part in the life of the town, of which he relates an incident in his *Carta de Guia de Casados*. He was received by Charles I and made the acquaintance of Princes Rupert and Maurice. In August he was summoned to the Hague by the ambassador Tristan de Mendonça Furtado to organize and take command of the fleet of twenty-four ships destined to carry the Dutch auxiliaries enlisted for Portugal as well as a large quantity of arms and munitions. He brought this

important reinforcement successfully into the Tagus in mid-September, but received no reward for his services, nor was he given a military post, though he was then the only man in Portugal who had commanded a regiment in Flanders and though officers who had served under him were promoted to lead armies and govern provinces (16). His attitude in Madrid had given his enemies the pretext to cast doubts on his loyalty to Portugal; moreover, it happened that a pro-Spanish conspiracy of leading nobles had lately been discovered, among the authors being his cousin D. Agostinho Manuel.

Settling down in the great Lisbon square, the Rossio, D. Francisco led for a while the life of a man about town in which gallantry played its part, for like a true Portuguese his nature was amorous; he also began to collect his letters for publication. But this pleasurable existence was disturbed by a lawsuit. The family house in the Calçada do Combro had been sold during his absence to dis-

charge an obligation incurred by his great-grandfather Duarte Nunes de Leão; but the price was so low that D. Francisco sought to have the sale set aside, and when his petition was dismissed he took forcible possession of the ground floor, while the purchaser, a daughter of the Viscount de Villa Nova, was in the rooms above. As a result of an appeal to the King, both parties were induced to evacuate the house until their claims had been further examined, and in the end D. Francisco lost the case. The lawsuit had lasted thirty-five years and must have cost him and his ancestors a large sum of money.

During the first two years following the Restoration of 1640 Spain found herself too much occupied with the Catalans and their French allies to attempt recovering Portugal, and the Portuguese limited themselves to organizing their defences. In 1643, however, at the instance of the French government, John IV ordered an invasion of Castile by an army of 12,000.

infantry and 2,000 cavalry, with ten guns, under the Count de Obidos ; and though an attempt on Badajoz failed, several small towns with their garrisons were captured and the enemy did not seek to give them battle, which augmented the *moral* of the men ; they remembered too that it was the first time for one hundred and sixty-four years that a Portuguese force had been seen in Spain.

D. Francisco served only as a common soldier in this brief campaign, but he was constantly consulted on military and political matters by the King and secretary of state, and records with pride that the generals chose him out of all the nobility to go to Evora, where the monarch had his quarters, and report verbally on the situation and receive his orders. Afterwards he carried out other commissions to the satisfaction of his superiors and received a *commenda* of the Order of Christ ; it was his last piece of good fortune for many years to come. On the 19th November, 1644, he was arrested on

the charge of having been privy to the murder of one Francisco Cardoso. It seems that this man had committed adultery with the wife of a dismissed servant of D. Francisco named Vicente, who on learning of his dishonour killed his guilty partner and had Cardoso assassinated. The murderers were caught and sentenced to death, Vicente to the galleys. Notwithstanding this fact and that there was no reason to implicate D. Francisco in the crime, since he did not know Cardoso, his enemies seized the occasion to ruin him and found accomplices in Vicente, who had sworn revenge against his master, and in Cardoso's father. They had the case reopened and persuaded the assassins to declare that D. Francisco had bribed them to slay Cardoso. It is unnecessary to relate the details (17); suffice it to say that he was condemned by the court of his Order to perpetual exile in Africa with heavy costs; the judge must have been subjected to strong pressure, for in reply to a criticism of the

sentence he is reported to have said: 'It is better that so-and-so should go down than I.'

D. Francisco appealed to the Meza da Consciencia, which, however, on March 2nd, 1648 increased the sentence, substituting India for Africa as the place of exile and forfeiting his *commenda*. The judges exceeded their powers and he declares that they openly boasted of their resolve to condemn him, yet even so his enemies were not satisfied and like him appealed to the Supreme Tribunal over which the King presided. D. Francisco hoped there to get justice or at least mercy, especially as he had influential friends and a letter of recommendation from Louis XIV; moreover, John IV had promised in case of difference of opinion among the judges to follow the more lenient. It was therefore a great shock to him when on May 21st, 1650 this tribunal confirmed the sentence of exile, merely substituting Brazil for India, and though he did not cease to fight, a royal decree of December 4th,

1652 ordered the sentence to be carried out.

The unusual severity of his treatment, which the King might have mitigated, has been attributed to the personal ill will of John IV, and two varying stories have been handed down in this respect. According to one the two men were rivals for the affection of the beautiful Countess of Villa Nova de Portimão and when disguised actually crossed swords one night outside her house. Cardoso was her majordomo and had discovered D. Francisco's intrigue with his mistress and informed the husband, so that the latter attributed the murder of his servant to D. Francisco and became his relentless persecutor. The King could not interfere with the decisions of the tribunals because he had a share in the domestic trouble of the Count, who was, be it said, attached to his person.

According to the other version John IV, suspicious of D. Francisco's loyalty, induced the Countess to propose to him

that he should enter into a political conspiracy and listened to what passed from behind the arras ; to please his lady, D. Francisco accepted her proposal and as he did not denounce it later, fell into disgrace.

Both these stories lack sufficient authority for acceptance. All we know for certain is that D. Francisco had been accused to the King more than once of treasonable designs and that his refusal to give evidence against the secretary of state, Francisco de Lucena, beheaded on a trumpery charge, was cited against him for lack of better evidence. Pro-Spanish plots had made John IV timid and suspicious ; he had been forced to sacrifice his faithful minister to the hatred of the nobles who had placed him on the throne, and though he probably disbelieved D. Francisco's guilt and had received from him most important services before and after the Restoration, he dared not flout the latter's powerful enemies by going against the decisions of the judges.

The most persistent of these enemies was really the Count of Villa Nova, who years later when D. Francisco had returned from exile, protested against his presence in Lisbon, but the precise reason for the Count's enmity must remain in doubt, unless we believe the story of D. Francisco's relations with the Countess, which, though likely enough, is related by genealogists whose veracity cannot be tested.

Of his life in prison we learn much from the five hundred and fifty printed letters, although they form but a small part of those he wrote, even during this period (18). He was often reduced to straits for money, his health suffered considerably as the years passed by, and his complaints, though founded, become monotonous. 'Patience is a cistern, not a well' he once remarked to excuse himself, yet he could rise above his troubles and be gay and witty, especially when he had a friendly visit in prospect (19), and he worked continuously. The history of the

Catalonian war, which he had been officially charged to write when serving Philip IV, was now finished and issued under a pseudonym (20) lest it should be suspect by bearing his name, and it was dedicated to the Pope, as one who ought to be the judge in public affairs. Next followed an amusing and clever farce *O Fidalgo Aprendiz* which recalls *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* of Molière, and a moral treatise inspired by St. Francis of Assisi entitled *El Mayor Pequeño*, which was concluded in the Torre Velha on the south side of the Tagus, to which he had been transferred from the Torre de Belem in the summer of 1646 (21). In the following year he began a work on St. Augustine called *El Fenix de Africa* similar to that on St. Francis, and a history of the Portuguese kings which John IV asked him to write, and he published a manifesto on the attempted murder of the monarch on Corpus Christi Day, 1647, which was distributed abroad by order of the government. His con-

finement after a time became less rigorous and he was allowed to go out alone or accompanied by a warder; once at least he spent four days at a Capuchin convent, but these privileges were withdrawn months later and only renewed in the following year.

In 1649 he wrote the first of the historical episodes, or *Epanaphoras*, describing the destruction of the fleet of D. Manoel de Menezes, and published a collection of Spanish verse under the pseudonym of *Melodino*, the word being at once a play on his name and a protest against his condemnation: this volume includes sonnets, Moorish, amorous, and moral romances, the *Lagrimas de Dido* in *ottava rima*, tercets, elegies, odes, madrigals, roundels, epigrams, &c. Most of them lack originality and inspiration, but the autobiographical compositions have real merit; the fifth tercets of the *Tiorba de Polymnia* describing his misfortunes are remarkable for moralelevation, feeling, and style, while the fourteenth

epistle of the *Canfonha de Euterpe* gives a realistic and amusing account of his life in prison. Most of these poems are, however, of a serious and religious nature and the sonnet *Death's Apology* (22) is a good specimen :

Once I saw Death go sporting through a
plain
of living men and none perceived him there ;
The old, of what they did all unaware,
Each moment ran against him to their
ane ;
The young, trusting their youth, that of the
pain
of death knows nothing, gave him not a care,
purbblind were all, none sought to flee the
snare,
the while his finger counted out the train.
Then he prepared to shoot, closing each
eye ;
he fired and missed. I that his aim did see
thus reckless, shouted : ' Butcher, hold thy
hand.'
He turned and ' Such is war ' was his reply ;
' If you pass life without a glance at me,
How greater care of me can you demand ?'

In November the English Royalist fleet under Princes Rupert and Maurice entered the Tagus to refit and sell its prizes, and the visit led to a breach of relations between Portugal and her ancient ally. Despite his own embarrassments John IV had generously helped King Charles I against a rebellious Parliament and now he dared to flout Cromwell by defending the freedom of the port and protecting the refugees against Admiral Blake sent to Lisbon to capture them. D. Francisco witnessed Blake's attempt to force an entry, and when the Parliamentary admiral established a blockade and the Portuguese government was obliged to take measures of defence, he the prisoner was selected to draw these up. He was also requested to write a manifesto justifying the act of John IV in receiving the princes. But while king and ministers made use of his experience and pen, his enemies did not rest and in January 1650 orders came to put him in irons, on the pretext that he was planning to escape. It was on this

occasion that he offered to the sovereign the second of his two eloquent memorials (23). Expecting that he would have to proceed to his exile that year, he made all necessary preparations and in the meantime sought and obtained removal to Lisbon Castle, which being nearer home suited him, and as a better guarded prison gave the lie to his calumniators. From here he was allowed out on parole and thus could visit the country houses he possessed near the capital and put his affairs in order. To the four years immediately preceding his voyage to America belong a political-military treatise *Aula Politica*, the third *Epanaphora* describing the supposed discovery of Madeira by a pair of English lovers (24), the *Carta de Guia de Casados*, translated into English by John Stevens under the title *The Government of a Wife* (25), and some works which were never completed, including a life of King John IV called *Tacito portugues*—all in Portuguese.

D. Francisco further planned a biblio-

graphical dictionary and a poetical anthology, for which he asked the collaboration of men of learning, but neither of these schemes reached maturity. In his circular about the latter which has only lately come to light (26), he gives his views about editing the old poets whose works were forgotten: he would print them as they were written, be sparing of emendations, and only omit obscure or licentious passages.

More than ten years after the murder of Cardoso, in which almost certainly he had no share, D. Francisco set out for exile. He left Lisbon in a fleet belonging to the chartered Company which had been established, in imitation of the Dutch, to trade with Brazil; the general being Francisco de Brito Freire, a man of high character who in after years, when ordered to conduct the deposed Affonso VI to prison in Terceira, preferred to incur the displeasure of the usurper D. Pedro rather than obey; the commander of a portion of the armada was none other than the

exile, on the ground of his experience and deserts, as Brito Freire states in his narrative of the voyage. This fact reinforces my conviction that personal enmity, and not any crime, dictated his sentence; a man may be known by his friends and D. Francisco's were notorious for patriotism and rectitude.

The fleet stayed at Madeira a month and owing to this delay, and to unfavourable weather, D. Francisco only reached Bahia in August. Though it was the capital of Brazil and an important commercial centre with a large slave population, this city had no attraction for a courtier and man of letters; only in the Jesuit College could he meet men of like tastes and he had profound *saudades* of his former life, as we gather from the dedicatory letter to the first *Epanaphora*. It was at Bahia that he wrote part at least of his critical masterpiece the *Apologos Dialogaes* and he there continued the *Epanaphoras*.

What, it may be asked, were his impressions of the New World? His *Diario del*

Brazil is unfortunately lost, and, save for half a dozen sonnets in the *Obras Metricas*, one describing how he was disturbed by the lascivious movements of a nigger dance, others dealing with the voyage, he preserves an almost complete silence about this period of his life. It is noteworthy that he makes not a single allusion to the natural beauties of the tropics, unlike Camoens who, when in exile, observed and painted with admirable skill and feeling the wonders of sea and land. America for him was simply a 'barbarous' country and in the title of a work attributed to him which has not been preserved, he aptly and succinctly describes Brazil of that time as the paradise of mulattoes, the purgatory of white men, and the hell of blacks.

In July 1657 he was summoned to the Jesuit College to give evidence in the case of a beggar accused to the Lisbon Inquisition of having spoken heretically of the Trinity in his presence. D. Francisco wrote an explanatory letter to the

Inquisitors, doubtless fearing some further persecution, for he had a taint of Hebrew blood on his mother's side through the Correas, and was obliged to obtain a dispensation on being admitted into the Order of Christ. Certainly he was not safe from his foes even in America and when endeavouring to mend his fortunes by trading in sugar, he was removed from Bahia to a solitary spot by the sea-shore.

King John IV had died in November 1656, leaving the government to the Queen during the minority of their eldest son, Alfonso. As regent, foreigner, and woman D. Luisa wielded less power than her husband ; moreover, the political balance had shifted and D. Francisco resolved to break his exile and risk the consequences. Sailing in March 1658 his ship was driven to put into the island of St. Michael, Azores, where he was welcomed by the governor and could attend to his health and business affairs. From there he employed his relatives and friends at

Court to try and obtain his pardon, and probably learning that he would not be molested, he landed in Portugal the following year. For prudence' sake he went to live at Espinhel, the seat of his *commenda*, but was able to settle in Lisbon early in 1660 and see through the press the *Epanaphoras*, which he dedicated to the new King.

During the winters of this and the two succeeding years he took a prominent part in the sessions of the *Academia dos Generosos*, some of which were held at his house. Though not the first of its kind in Portugal, this Academy, founded by D. Antonio Alvares da Cunha, a leading *fidalgo* and editor of the *Rimas* of Camoens, was the most important for the number, social status, and intellectual capacity of its members (27), each of whom bore a poetical name, that of D. Francisco being *Melodino*. The sessions were held once or twice a week and the president, who only took office for that period, designated his successor and

the subject to be treated. The business opened with a usually hyperbolic oration in the course of which the president drew on ancient history for his examples, seasoning his periods with classical quotations and distributing praise broadcast among his fellows. Among the themes were the following: do men prefer virtue or beauty? which is more harmful to a ruler, treason or flattery? is absence favourable to lovers or the reverse? Most of these rhetorical exercises are heavy reading, but some few, like those of D. Lucas de Portugal, if futile, abound in wit.

The Academy celebrated special events by extraordinary sessions and poetical competitions to which strangers were admitted. One of these was held on Candlemas day, 1662, to inaugurate a new Academical building, and the programme included the writing of a sonnet in which ninety-six selected words had to be used. Other competitions were held to celebrate the battle of the Canal and the King's marriage, and D. Francisco composed

a sonnet to show that the glory of the monarch called for a pen greater than Tasso's. His academical poems, whether moral, eulogistic, satiric or playful, and the discourses he delivered on the five occasions he presided, are to be found in the *Obras Metricas* and it is enough to say that they are not worthy of his talents. If the Academy encouraged the reading of good authors and spread cultivation in the upper class, it also proved a hotbed of Gongorism. Its prose was pedantic, for the members usually contented themselves with being copyists, or when they sought to be original could rarely rise above the commonplace; their style is involved or else spoilt by conceits and puerile plays on words. In poetry little could be expected of them because versifying was a pastime and not the fruit of inspiration; the subjects were too often frivolous, not to say ridiculous. Some of the members prided themselves on their skill in anagrams and the learned Jantillet put the name of D. Francisco

into the Latin sentence : *mel fluit ex ore ejus manans*.

The latter took a share in the rejoicings that marked the departure of D. Catharina to marry Charles II in April 1662 by writing various sonnets, but literary laurels did not satisfy him ; he was anxious to secure his position and obtain employment worthy of his abilities. Shortly after the *coup d'état* in June of the same year executed by the Count de Castelmelhor, by which Alfonso VI took over the government from the Queen, D. Francisco received a formal pardon and in October was ordered abroad on an important secret diplomatic mission. He was to go to Rome and try and arrange for the appointment of bishops to the sees that had been vacant since the Revolution of 1640 ; on the way there he was to visit Parma and negotiate the King's marriage to the younger daughter of the duke. The appointment of bishops in the form desired by the Portuguese government involved papal recognition of the King's

title and of the national independence, and since the Court of Madrid would admit neither the one nor the other, and the power of Spain dominated Italy, the Popes had refused to satisfy the various envoys sent by John IV to settle the matter and would not receive them in public audience. Hence D. Francisco was ordered to travel incognito and as secretly as possible, lest the Castilian ministers should learn of and prevent his journey, and when in Rome he was to pose as a noble who had come on private business. To Cardinal Orsini, protector of Portugal, he could declare his true quality and hint that if the King's request were not satisfied, the latter had been advised to summon a National Council and act on its decisions. In case the Court of Rome complained of the marriage of Catherine of Braganza to Charles II, a heretic, without a dispensation, he was to reply that the union had been for the good of religion because of the advantages it promised for the English Catholics.

For some reason D. Francisco's journey was delayed and on January 18th, 1663 he received instructions varying the first. In the interval the idea of marrying Alfonso VI to a Parma princess had been set aside in favour of more important alliances; Marshal Turenne, a devoted friend of Portugal, had proposed that the king should wed Mlle de Montpensier, and when she refused, a daughter of the Duke of Orleans by his second wife was designated for the position. By the Treaty of the Pyrenees Louis XIV had made peace with Spain and ostensibly abandoned the Portuguese cause, so that the Marquess de Sande, who had been officially charged with the marriage negotiations, could not proceed to Paris for the purpose, and D. Francisco as a secret envoy was ordered to take his place. He was to proceed first to England, interview the Marquess and obtain the support of Charles II for his Roman mission, and if he failed to secure a French bride for his sovereign, he was to fall back on the

Parma project, calling at that city on his way to Rome.

Leaving Lisbon on an English ship in February, he landed at Sandwich and took carriage to London where he stayed several weeks. When not engaged in official business, he spent his time at Court and displayed a side of his talents hitherto not mentioned, acting as librettist for the *maestros* patronized by the Queen, who had inherited her father's passion for music. These compositions, and others of the same kind written for the King with whom he collaborated, are found in the *Obras Metricas*; among them is the prologue to a musical comedy or sung drama, and the *Juicio de Paris*, a rudimentary opera. He paid his homage to the sovereigns like a courtier poet and one of his sonnets is dedicated to Charles II 'On his having been bled the day after a palace entertainment'. His charm and witty conversation made him welcome in the circles where Spanish was understood and he endeared himself to the group of

Portuguese who surrounded the Queen ; his Catholic zeal appealed to the austere Franciscan chaplains, and the homage he paid to the ladies-in-waiting, among whom was his cousin the Countess de Penalva, consoled them for the rather contemptuous treatment they suffered from the English cavaliers who laughed at their mode of dress and found them old and ugly.

Carrying letters of recommendation from Charles II and his Queen, D. Francisco left for Italy in May, and on reaching Paris had conferences with Turenne in which he endeavoured to forward King Alfonso's marriage and to obtain French aid, military and diplomatic, for Portugal. Unfortunately, just at this juncture, the Spanish invasion and the capture of Evora by D. John of Austria paralysed these efforts, for the ministers of Louis XIV could not favour a matrimonial alliance with a State that seemed on the verge of ruin, and D. Francisco was ordered to pursue his journey. Travelling as the Chevalier de St. Clément he crossed

France by carriage to Marseilles, where he met the missionary Father Manoel Godinho who had just arrived, dressed as a Turk, by the overland route from India. The Jesuit records the meeting in his book of travels: 'The pleasure this fidalgo's visit caused me can only be understood by those who know how to esteem his inestimable gifts, who have enjoyed his admirable talk, who have read his remarkable books and formed the opinion of his rare judgement that the world at large has.'

After a flying visit to the spots connected with the life of St. Mary Magdalen, he took ship at Toulon for Genoa where he remained two months, arranging his visit to Parma. On arriving, he must have had a disappointment similar to that of Lord Bristol, who had been sent there previously to see the princesses with a view of finding a bride for his master; the English envoy reported that one was very stout and the other so ugly that he dared not proceed with the business. But D. Francisco

discovered other objections to the match : the large dower which the younger lady was reported to possess did not exist and he accordingly went on to Rome, reaching there in December.

In his negotiations he had the support of the cardinals of the French faction and that of the Duke de Créqui, ambassador of Louis XIV, but the Spaniards put every obstacle in his path and though after nine months' asking he had audience of the Pope and was received benevolently, he failed in the principal object of his mission. Alexander VII recognized the justice of the Portuguese claims, but was not able to act on the good intentions he seems to have nourished. He had only recently been compelled to sign the humiliating treaty of Pisa with France, to compose the quarrel arising out of the attack by his Corsican guards on the French Embassy in August 1662, and he dared not incur the enmity of the King of Spain, who had forces in Milan and Naples capable of overrunning the Papal States.

Furthermore, he had to count with the cardinals, who by a large majority were pro-Spanish. The court of Lisbon was also partly responsible for its own defeat, because it would not sacrifice political aims for the good of souls, by allowing the Pope to appoint its candidates *motu proprio* : nay, the ministers preferred to see bishops die out in Portugal (28) rather than waive the right of presentation and so diminish the royal prerogative. The letters addressed from Rome to Philip IV by the Cardinal de Aragon and his brother D. Pedro (29) show how well informed they were of every detail of D. Francisco's journey, of his objects and doings in the Eternal City, and relate the steps they took to embarrass him. Among these were the use of spies and an attempt to steal his papers, which included an opinion of the Sorbonne, obtained by him in Paris, to the effect that Alfonso VI could properly follow the procedure in the primitive Church by ordering the election of bishops, if the Pope did not concede them in

the desired manner. It was chiefly due to these two men that D. Francisco's audience was so long delayed and that when granted he was received only as a private individual.

But if his stay in Rome was diplomatically fruitless, he there tasted all the pleasures of the intellect. To the man of culture, indeed, no city afforded such attractions as this, where all languages were spoken, all sciences taught, and all the learned met ; where nearly every stone was a book, every statue a work of art, every antechamber an academy.

Rome was then a great literary centre and owed much of its brilliance to the presence of the ex-Queen Christina, foundress of the *Arcadia*. We do not know if D. Francisco was admitted into the select court of the woman who appreciated men of wit and talent as much as she detested nullities, but he frequented the society of scholars and savants like Brancarte de Lauria, afterwards cardinal, and of three famous Jesuits, the astronomer Gottigniez,

the missionary Marini, and Athanasius Kircher, orientalist and inventor of the magic lantern. At the same time he prepared a complete edition of his works which was to include ten volumes: two of *Obras Morales*, 'the best of his writings' he calls them, came out in 1664, and included an inedited treatise of moral philosophy, *Vitoria del Hombre*, and a reprint of the *Fenis* and *Mayor Pequeño*. These were followed by the *Cartas Familiares*, the first collection of letters printed in Portuguese, divided into five 'centuries'. In a dedication to the *Academia dos Generosos* his friend Antonio Luiz de Azevedo declares that most of them were written by D. Francisco as he wandered over the world, or when imprisoned in a fortress in the midst of the greatest tribulation, lacking health, pleasure, and liberty, abandoned by relatives and friends. He adds truly: 'The style is not like that of most writers cultured and enigmatical, but what all ought to use, viz. brief, clear, sententious and appropriate,

without adornments, roundabout phrases or metaphors. He does not use foreign words, but sometimes employs our old Portuguese expressions.'

Owing probably to lack of time, these were the only volumes printed in Rome which he left in November 1664. After a halt at Pisa he proceeded to Lyons, where he saw through the press his *Obras Metricas* in three parts, each of which is named after three of the Muses. The verses of the first and third part are in Castilian, those of the second in Portuguese, and here he sought to imitate the best poets of the golden age, the sixteenth century, and, reacting against the bad taste of his time, to be natural. The first part is a reprint of the volume published in 1649; the others contain later compositions; up to the end of his life, now at hand, he wrote Portuguese and Castilian verse and prose with equal facility.

On returning to Paris he pursued the negotiations for the marriage of the King which during his absence in Italy had

been definitely arranged with Mlle de Aumale, and when she arrived in Lisbon in August 1666, D. Francisco was a spectator of the festivities. He had probably reached home at the end of 1665, and early in the following year as a reward for his work abroad he was made a member of the Junta de Tres Estados, a committee which administered the taxes raised for the defence of the realm. He had not, however, long to enjoy this coveted and not too arduous post, for he ended his troubled life on the 13th October, 1666, but as he had said earlier: 'in eternity there is time enough for rest'.

He was buried in the Convent of St. Joseph de Ribamar at Algés among his dear Franciscan friars, whose austere lives inspired general admiration and led men of the highest rank to beg graves in their poor house. The convent with its beautifully wooded grounds by the Tagus, which delighted Beckford of Fonthill, was, like hundreds of others, appropriated by the state when the religious Orders were

extinguished in 1834 and now belongs to the Count da Foz.

D. Francisco never married, but left a son who became a soldier and died fighting in Flanders at the battle of Seneffe.

No portrait or detailed description of his physical appearance exists, but according to the following anecdote, attributed to an eighteenth-century ancestor of my friend the Count de Sabugosa, he was far from handsome, though this did not prevent his being loved by women. Queen Luisa had a private room whither she repaired with every precaution to adorn her face: unknown to her, the operation had been watched through the window by a monkey, who one day broke his chain and entering applied the unguents and appeared in the palace looking like a fine lady. The Queen in her vexation ordered him to be killed, as luck would have it, at the moment when one of her ladies-in-waiting, cousin to D. Francisco then recently imprisoned, ap-

proached to implore royal intercession for her kinsman, whose appearance was as ugly as his talents and wit were admirable. The Queen, persuaded that the lady was going to ask pardon for the monkey, ordered her out in a fury saying : ' No, no, don't ask for him ; he must die, for he is very ugly.' The lady fell down in a swoon on hearing the unjust sentence from the Queen, who condemned the innocent animal for the fault he shared with her and in which she had been his teacher, for just because he was ugly he wished to make himself pretty.

Of D. Francisco's character and opinions we learn much from himself and something from his contemporaries. Educated by the Jesuits, fundamentally religious and a faithful and broad-minded Catholic, he lived in court and camp without a serious stain on his fame. Conviction and not fashion led him to enter the Third Order of St. Francis ; his zeal was shown by his efforts to reform his favourite Order and he did not hesitate

to condemn the faults of the clergy. In various passages of the *Carta de Guia de Casados* and the *Apologos Dialogaes* he attacks the abuses in confraternities, and exposes superstitious and hypocritical *beatas*, unworthy priests, and mundane friars. For his friends he chose men of the highest intelligence and character in the realm, and corresponded with foreigners of distinction, by whom he was esteemed. His favourite topics of study were theology and philosophy, and a high moral tone is found in his writings ; his love verses are free from licence. This lady's man respected too deeply the religious state to encourage those breaches of monastic discipline that the laxity of the age allowed, and though his aunt was a nun, he did not frequent convent grilles.

His view of the rightful position of women is contained in the proverb : ' Man a ship, woman a chest', for he hated gadabouts no less than mannish, jealous, and imperious females. Though an admirer of Queen Margaret of Valois, whom

curiously enough he held to be the most discreet of her sex, he had no love for their intellectual aspirations and no high idea of their mental capacity. While declaring that no praise was too great for a good woman, experience would probably have led him to subscribe to the verse attributed to Francis I,

Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.

At any rate he remained a bachelor, considering marriage a fearsome state and said : 'Some philosophers call a wife necessary company ; she is necessary to cowardly spirits who dare not pass this interval of life alone.' But if he could be severe on, or make merry at the expense of, the other sex, neither here nor on other subjects is he caustic or cruel, and even when referring to his enemies he preserves an admirable moderation ; rancour was foreign to his nature.

The repeated complaints in his letters from prison are apt to weary readers, but while he was too sensitive to be a stoic,

he concludes the strongest protests against human injustice by words of resignation to the will of God. He possessed that rare quality in a southerner, modesty, and talks of his services to king and country with the simplicity of a true soldier. His experience and powers of organization were appreciated by his superiors, his rectitude and social gifts endeared him to his comrades, and he inspired respect and love in his subordinates. Instead of embittering, misfortune made him more sympathetic towards his fellow men and he strove continually to better the lot of poor and imprisoned soldiers. Those who lived with him testify that he was affable, generous, a good fellow, and in the commands he held, fair and disinterested ; others praise his rare judgement.

Notwithstanding the few favours he received from his sovereign, he exemplified the ancient Portuguese loyalty celebrated by Camoens and could say to John IV : ' Sire, whether you punish or pardon me, if you send me to the ends of the earth

and keep me there, I am and ever shall be one of your Majesty's most faithful subjects.' This was not mere rhetoric ; his brains and pen were ever at the service of the country.

Though a *fidalgo*, he was entirely free from class prejudice, considering that 'merit does not consist in how a man is born but in how he lives', yet much as he valued liberty, he did not make it a fetish, convinced that no other word had been so greatly abused and that 'the freest man is he who is most tied'.

His versatility was extraordinary ; he could command a fleet or army, direct an ambassadorial banquet or a Court ball, argue a theological point, dictate a ballad, explain the derivation of a word, compose music for an opera, and penetrate the mysteries of the Cabbala. In his varied undertakings he usually succeeded, because he had good brains and worked hard. Though a learned man, and imitator of the classics whom he profoundly admired, he eschewed pedantry and held gram-

marians up to scorn, saying that they talked more incorrectly than others.

His long imprisonment drove him to concentration and an intense intellectual life ; his sufferings refined him, with the result that he became a more inspired, more sincere, more delicate poet, and a spontaneous and natural prose writer.

It is inevitable that D. Francisco's fame should rest mainly on his prose, because for him poetry was a pastime for youths, ladies, and idle persons, though he indulged in it to the end, while rejecting the artifices in fashion. By education a classicist and by temperament and choice a romanticist, he lived in a period when the followers of Gongora had perverted taste, but if his early verses have false conceits, and are unduly elaborated, they compare well with those of his contemporaries. As he grew older his love poems gained in tenderness ; and if many of the canzons, epistles, and odes are charged with moral and philosophical reflections, others strike a more simple and

true note, but lack flights of imagination. His pastoral and Moorish ballads recall those of Lope de Vega, but he is most himself and most successful in roundels, in which the Portuguese have usually excelled. In many of these is seen the influence of folk poetry which he knew and valued; others are marked by the wit and irony of which he was a master. Whatever be the defects of his Castilian verse, in Portuguese he showed himself a progressive spirit. His good sense and appreciation of the realities of life induced by misfortune opened his eyes to his defects of style, and he endeavoured to imitate the gravity and simplicity of the preceding age; in this he succeeded so well that his tercets and sonnets reach a very high level and make him perhaps the best Portuguese lyricist of the seventeenth century. His masters were Sá de Miranda and Camoens; he admired the first for his sententiousness and popular locutions, while the second was for him 'divine', and the greatest poet of the Spains.

His best known prose work is the history of the Catalonian War. Already, at this date, he had resolved to avoid the prevailing artifices and parade of learning, but antitheses and images are overdone, and instead of explaining his ideas he suggests them, leaving the task of penetration to the reader. The metaphors are numerous and seem to have been laboriously constructed, thus robbing the style of the charm of simplicity, but some of them must be excused for their appropriateness. His comparisons are mannered, but so expressive that it is hard to condemn them. The discourses he puts into the mouths of his characters are after the manner of Livy; to D. Francisco history was an art, and while he claimed to be accurate in statement he added perspicuous observations in which he summed up the political knowledge of the age. Though he narrates events in which he took part, his attitude is detached, and when he criticizes he is prudent and sober. With all its faults and omissions,

the work forms a striking picture painted by a great artist and profound thinker, and it reproduces with truth and feeling scenes in the drama of human life.

The *Epanaphoras* were written between 1649 and 1659; the subjects being the revolt at Evora (1637), the wreck of the fleet of D. Manoel de Menezes (1627), the discovery of Madeira (1420), the battle of the Downs (1639), and the capture of Pernambuco from the Dutch (1654). The first, second, and fourth describe with vigour and truth episodes which D. Francisco witnessed; the third is a romance which was translated into French and English and had various editions (30); the fifth is a hearsay narrative. The style of these varies slightly, but if some of the defects noted in the history of the Catalonian War are present (31), these relations mark a great advance towards simplicity and directness and the second is an admirable piece of narrative writing.

D. Francisco contended that he had

always suited the style to his subjects, but tired of being accused of obscurity, he wrote the *Carta de Guia de Casados* in a style so clear and natural that it became his most popular book (32). 'I was brought up in courts, I have travelled over the world, observed things and retained them in my memory. I have seen, read and listened. These are the texts and books I will cite here and together with some anecdotes that occur to me they may be no less useful than that apparatus of Greeks and Romans which the learned serve up to us at every turn and that at times wearies us.' The English paraphrase of Captain Stevens (London, 1697) bears the title *The Government of a Wife*, but the author treats also of friends, servants, and children; in fact, his advice covers the whole life of a married pair, combining sound sense with abundance of wit and giving a curious picture of domestic relations in the seventeenth century. So far as I am aware, no other literature has a similar treatise of equal merit.

Freed at last from the literary tradition in which he had been brought up and imprisoned, and relying on himself alone, he proceeded to show the full force of his talent in the *Apologos Dialogaes*, the product of a strong individuality and rare critical gift, a work in which his subtle imagination, served by thirty years' experience with the pen, expands itself with the 'maliciosa sencillez' praised by Menéndez y Pelayo. It has four divisions: (1) *The Talking Clocks*, in which a city and village clock are interlocutors, (2) *The Miserly Study*, where four coins converse, (3) *The Visit of the Fountains*, which takes place between the old fountain of the Rossio and the new one of the Palace square, (4) *The Hospital of Letters*, a dialogue between Lipsius, Boccacini, Quevedo, and the author. This last, which D. Francisco esteemed most, testifies to his wide reading and usually sound judgement in literary matters. In the others the types, customs, beliefs, and foibles of the time are noted, analysed,

and criticized with rare skill and gentle irony, so that we find there a vivid picture of many phases of Portuguese society in this, D. Francisco's masterpiece (33).

The *Cartas* to which I have alluded more than once embrace a period of nearly twenty years (1634 to 1652) and the style grows simpler as he proceeds. We meet many involved sentences and plays on words, but in compensation the majority are clear if concise and all have the note of conviction, wit, and irony which gives evidence of their authorship. Other similar collections may be more free from defects, but surely few have the same distinction, or reveal a character at once so noble and so charming.

In his best work D. Francisco gives proof of an intellect of a high order, and he is a modern in the independence of his critical judgements; moreover, by his comprehension of and sympathy with the soul of the people he is a truly national writer.

Apart from the productions already

mentioned, he composed a life of Scanderbeg, genealogical, military, and juridical treatises, diaries and homilies, discourses on precedence, courtesy, and symbols, novels, plays, commentaries on Seneca and Sá de Miranda, and the *Feira dos Anexins* (34) in which he showed a profound knowledge of the Portuguese language. His bibliography reaches to 188 numbers including editions, translations, and unpublished works; in addition to being a Portuguese and Spanish classic, he was a polygraph.

NOTES

(1) A facsimile of his baptismal certificate together with 121 documents relating to him will be found in my biography, *D. Francisco Manuel de Mello; esboço biographico*, published by the Lisbon Academy of Sciences, Coimbra, 1914.

(2) Both in his autograph letters, many of which still exist, and on the title-pages of his printed works.

(3) Father Stafford died in 1638 and was succeeded by another Englishman, Father John Raston.

(4) First edition, Lisbon, 1660; second, Lisbon, 1676. Both contain many printers' errors.

(5) *Cartas Familiares*, cent. II, No. 50. The first edition, Rome, 1664 is to be preferred to the second, Lisbon, 1752.

(6) Lyons, 1665.

(7) Subsequent editions are indicated in the bibliography of my life of D. Francisco already mentioned.

(8) Tripe.

(9) Owing to careless revision, the dates attributed to the letters are not always reliable.

(10) Another document of the 8th November, 1638 states that he was then lodging in Lisbon Castle and does not give one to understand that he was a prisoner. *Cartorio Notarial de Maria Mendes* in the Torre do Tombo, liv. 215, fol. 14.

(11) He wrote a first account at the request of the Cardinal Infant.

(12) First published in Lisbon, 1645, under the name of Clemente Libertino and dedicated to Pope Innocent X. Of the many subsequent editions the best is that of D. Jacinto Octavio Picón, Madrid, 1912.

(13) I have discussed this point in my biography, pages 135-6, note.

(14) Printed in the *Aula Política*, Lisbon, 1720.

(15) By Dr. Theophilo Braga in *Os Seiscentistas*, Porto, 1916, page 187. This study of D. Francisco's life must be read with caution; it is full of errors and rash conjectures, some of which are pointed out by Dr. Ricardo Jorge in the book *Contra um plagio do Prof. Theophilo Braga*, Lisbon, 1918.

(16) See my study *A embaixada de Tristan de Mendonça Furtado á Holanda em 1641*. Coimbra, 1920.

(17) The *dossier* has been lost and our information comes almost entirely from D. Francisco and is chiefly found in his two memorials to the King. Many of the facts there set out are proved by documents, some of which still exist in the originals, others being copies; moreover, the tone of absolute sincerity which marks the eloquent appeals referred to is almost enough to compel belief were other evidence lacking.

(18) He affirms that he wrote 22,500 in six years of imprisonment. In addition to those in the *Cartas Familiares* I printed others in the *Memorias da Academia das Sciencias*, vol. xii, pt. 2, no. 2.

(19) e. g. the letter about his cook, *Cartas Fam.* p. 533, 1st edition.

(20) I explain this in my biography.

(21) His life there is depicted in a witty sonnet, *vide Obras Metricas*, pt. 2, p. 21.

(22) *Obras Metricas*, pt. 2, p. 41.

(23) The first will be found in my biography, the second in the edition of the *Carta de Guia de Casacos* by Camillo Castello Branco.

(24) This romance was translated into and paraphrased in French and English and had various editions—*vide* my biography.

(25) Captain Stevens was a well-known pirate of other men's works.

(26) Printed in my biography, p. 260.

(27) A tentative list will be found in my biography, p. 319, &c.

(28) There was then but one bishop left, the others having died.

(29) Printed in my biography from the originals at Simancas.

(30) *Vide* my biography, p. 588.

(31) As happens with the *Cartas Familiares*, there is no modern edition of the *Epanaphoras*, and of the two existing the first (1660) is the better.

(32) I published a critical edition with the *Renascença Portuguesa*, Oporto, 1916, and a reimpression will shortly be issued in Rio de Janeiro.

(33) The two early editions that exist (Lisbon, 1721 and 1900) are both full of printers' errors, but a corrected edition has recently been published by the Livraria Castilho of Rio de Janeiro.

(34) First printed in Lisbon in 1875.

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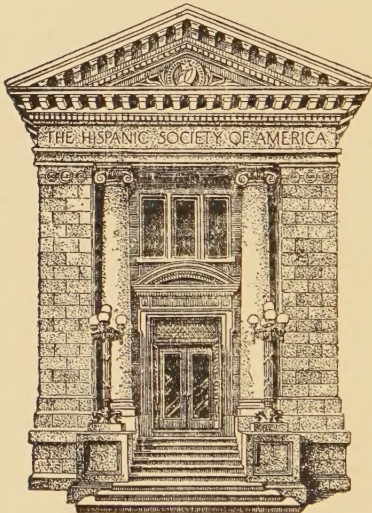
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